

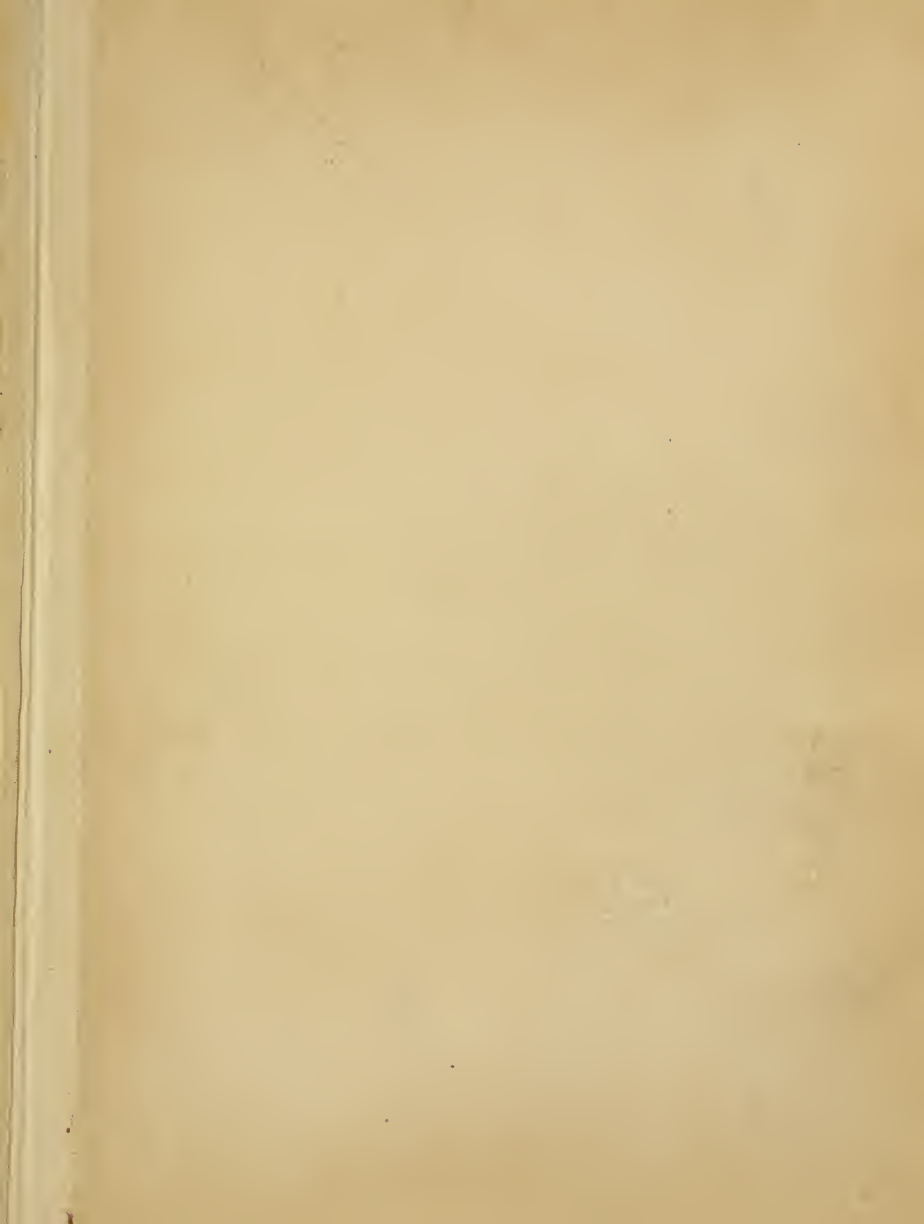
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*Lines on a Japanese Fan, Presented to
Mrs. Richard L. Schieffelin.*

By Astarte.

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The Japanese Flutist.

Happy flutist all alone,
Floating on that lonely sea,
With thy bare feet in the water,
So entranced, you cannot see
That the kettle's boiling over
And its time to make your tea!

The full moon stands still to listen,
 It must be the Summer moon,
For that thin mysterious tree
Coming right up from the sea,
 Has the leaves of early June.

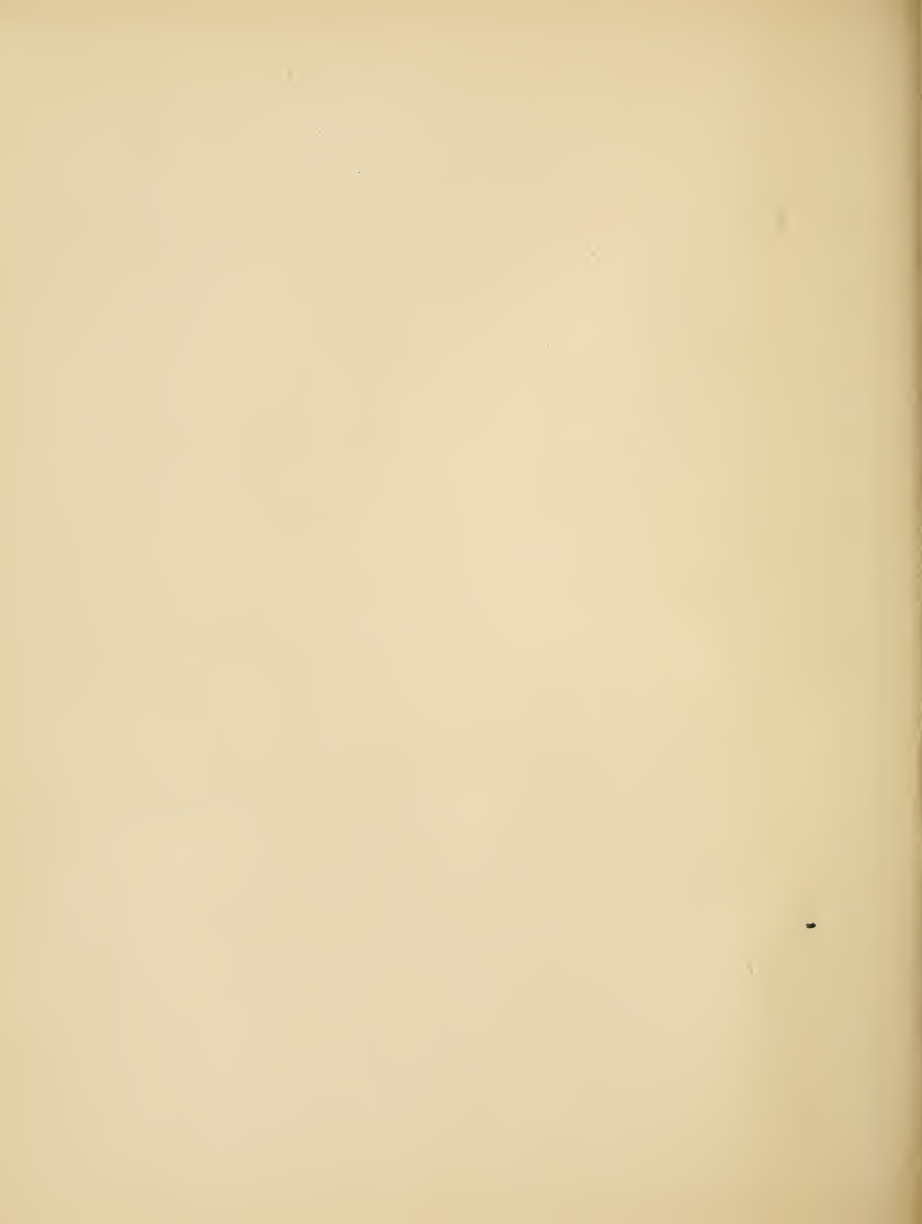
And I know you're playing something,
 Soft and low ; to suit the time,
Suit the moonlight on the water,
 And the waves responding chime.

And I know you'll float forever,
 With your back against the moon.
No one but yourself to listen
 No one else has heard that tune.

You will never cease that playing,
 So will never make that tea—
And that moon will have no waning,
 Nor a leaf drop from that tree.

That small sail is furled forever,
Forever rests the slender oar
And the basket with your rations,
Won't be opened any more.

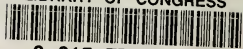
Take me with you, happy flutist,
Floating on the sea, or river,
Let me hear the tune you play,
I will listen night, and day,
While we float on forever.







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